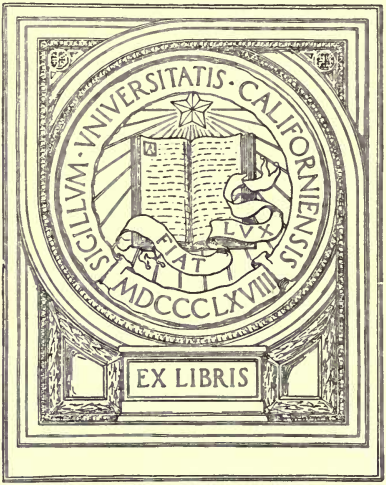
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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This poem is not
by Churchill. It was written
by Robert Lloyd.
See The Correspondence of
John Wilkes & Chas.
Churchill NY, 1954
(note no. 37, page 41)

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the following Poem was not published in Mr. Churchill
; yet, as it is universally admitted to be his, it hath been
ht proper to annex it to this Edition of his works. + Vol:
n, printed for J. Wilkes, in the Strand, M, DCC, LXVI

Poetry Professors.

England has not lost her pray'r,
George, the good, has got an heir.
yal babe, a Prince of Wales.
ets! I pity all your nails—
reams of paper will be spoil'd!
Gradusses be daily soild
aky fingers, greasy thumbs,
ting the word that never comes!
ow Academics pump their wits,
lash, in vain, their lazy tits;
vain they whip, & lash, & spur,
allous jades will never stir;
an they reach Parnassus' hill,
vry method which they will.
should the tits get on for once,
rider is so grave a dunce,
as I've heard good judges say,
ten to one they'd lose their way.
ft not one wit bestrides the back
seful drudge ycleped hack,
fine bred things of mettled blood,
'd from Apollo's royal stud,
k, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
ose our Mother Country breeds;
ride ye in, & ride ye out,
954 72
to come home go round about,
on the green-sward, nor the road,
that I think the [illegible] an Ode.

Some take the pleasant country air,
And smack their whips, & drive a pair,
Each horse with bells that chink & chime,
And so they march — & that is rhyme.
Some copy, with prodigious skill,
The figures of a buttery bill,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall pass for Coptic or Phœnician.
While some, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a Prince of Wales,
Salute the royal babe in Welsh,
And send forth gutturals like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will spitten out in adulation!
The Pagan Gods shall visit Earth
To triumph in a Christian's birth.
While classic poets, pure, & chaste,
Of taste, & academic taste,
Shall lug them in, by head & shoulders,
To be or speakers, or beholders.
Mars shall present him with a lance
To humble Spain, & conquer France;
The Graces, buxom, blithe, & gay,
Shall, at his cradle, dance the Hay,
And Venus, with her train of Loves,
Shall bring a thousand pair of doves,
To bill, to coo, to shine, & speak,
Through all the dialects of Greek.
How many swains, of classic breed,
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to town,
Tuning their measures up & down;

notes alternate, clear & sweet,
e ballad-singers in a street.
ile those who grasp at reputation
no imitating imitation,
ll hunt each cranny, nook, & creek,
precious fragments in the Greek,
d rob the Spital & the waste,
Sense, & Sentiment, & Taste.
hat Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,
h Hebrew roots, and English trash,
ll academic cooks produce
present shew, & future use!
ows who've soak'd away their knowledge,
skeepy residence at THE College;
ose lives are like a stagnant pool,

W O R K S

ddy & placid, dull & cool;
re drinking, eating; OF eating drinking;
h no impertinence of thinking;

C. CHURCHILL.

o lack no farther erudition,
n just to set an imposition,
VOL. II.
ramp, demolish, & dispirit
h true begotten son of merit.
sors, who, in the day's broad light,
ish the vice they act at night;
se Charity with self begins,
covers others venial sins;
that their feet may safely tread,
e up Hypocrisy instead,
knowing that must always hide
multitude of sins beside.
se rusty wit is at a stand,
ont a freshman at their hand;

(whose services mash, of course, create
The just return of sevenfold hates)
Lord! that such good & useful men
Should ever turn to books again!
Yet matters must be gravelly planned,
And syllables on fingers scanned,
And racking pangs rend labring head,
'Till Lady Muse is gone to bed;
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the useful thither in!
Where the cramp measure kindly shews
It will be verse, but should be prose.
So when 'tis neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
At some sly corner of the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the bodice,
Seems, to the eye, a perfect Goddess;
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.
Yet must these sons of gowned ease,
Proud of the plumage of Degrees,
Forsake their Apathy awhile,
To figure in the Roman stile,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of Latin Poetry divine.
Upon the throne the Goddess sits,
Surrounded by her bulky wits;
Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
Ainsworthus, Faber, Constantine;
And he, who like Dodona shone,
De sacra quercu, Holyoake;
These are her counsellors of state,
Men of much words, & wits of weight.*

George W Bruce

THE

WORKS

OF

C. CHURCHILL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE FIFTH EDITION.

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See the End of the Volume.

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THE GHOST.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *Huſwife Morn*,
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muſe with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs*;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their ſty;

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When *my Lord* riſes to the Chace,
And brawney Chaplain takes his place.

Theſe Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly underſtood,
Sagacious Readers muſt allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Obſervations moſtly riſe
From Objects juſt before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit,
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who ſhall dare to ſay he's wrong?)
Whether the Warmth (for Bards we know
At preſent, never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the Hour—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourſelves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pauſe allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man, who deals in humble Proſe,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;

But

But they who court the vig'rous Muſe,
Their carriage have a right to chuſe.
Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the Mind,
The POET darts from place to place,
And inſtant bounds o'er Time and Space,
Nature (whilſt blended fire and ſkill
Inflame our paſſions to his will)
Smiles at her violated Laws,
And crowns his daring with applauſe.

Should there be ſtill ſome rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whoſe heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling paſſage thro' the Air,
Free leave have ſuch at home to ſit,
And write a *Regimen* for Wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themſelves to fly.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when Devotees
Breathe *pious curſes* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To ſanctify a Night of Sin;

When Rogues of Modeſty, who roam
Under the veil of Night, ſneak home,
That free from all reſtraint and awe,
Juſt to the windward of the Law,
Leſs modeſt Rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—whilſt thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no conſequence expreſſing,
Deſcribing now, and now *digreſſing*,
To the diſcredit of our ſkill,
The main concern is ſtanding ſtill.

In *Plays* indeed, when ſtorms of rage
Tempeſtuous in the Soul engage,
Or when the Spirits weak and low,
Are ſunk in deep diſtreſs and woe,
With ſtrict Propriety we hear
DESCRIPTION ſtealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in theſe *ſerious* works, deſign'd
To mend the morals of Mankind,

We

We muſt for ever be diſgrac'd
With all the nicer ſons of Taſte,
If once, the Shadow to purſue,
We let the Subſtance out of view.
Our means muſt uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry paſſage aptly join
To bring about the *one* deſign.
Our Friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild digreſſive Wit,
No—not thoſe very Friends, who found
Their Credit on the ſelf-ſame ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal Dunce,
This Coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may ſmile.

Come METHOD, come in all thy pride,
DULLNESS and WHITEHEAD by thy ſide,
DULLNESS and METHOD ſtill are one,
And WHITEHEAD is their darling Son.
Not He whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty Soul,

Made Folly tremble thro' her ſtate,
And Villains bluſh at being Great,
Whilſt he himſelf, with ſteady face,
Diſdaining Modeſty and Grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by PHILIP and by PAUL,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But HE, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace, not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *Patent* proves his Wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can Wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who, without one pretenſion,
Can get for Fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace,
As may equip them for the place.

But HE—who meaſures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,

And is too frugal to diſpenſe,
At once both Poetry and Senſe,
Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *Subject Bards*,
Where Couplets after Couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With BEAUX, who ſimper all around,
And BELLES, who die in ev'ry ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*,
Nor in a thouſand find we one,
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out Cenſure, or give Credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.

But HE—who, *happily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach;

Who adds to SENTIMENTS the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out MORALS with an air
A Gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who, on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *Chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the Man,
Without or *Character*, or *Plot*,
NATURE unknown, and ART forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And ye rs conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a Play;
Who Champion ſworn in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *Prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So Nurſes ſage, as Caution works,
When Children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.

Thee,

Thee, WHITEHEAD, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satyr's gen'rous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, eaſy Creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born Child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholeſome* rigour to thy Wit;
Thy *head*, if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,
And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And languors, like thine own, inſpire;
Trite be each Thought, and ev'ry Line
As *Moral*, and as *Dull* as THINE.

Pois'd in mid-air———(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *Gravitation*——)

Hung

Hung a *Watch-Tow'r*—by VULCAN plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by JOVE's Command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the Air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The Palace of an ancient Dame,
Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Goſſip*, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung,
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own Trumpet made of braſs,
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of ſleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;

Or

Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect Character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My Soul poſſeſs'd, ere ARROW died;
Or ſuch as, Envy muſt allow,
The World enjoys in H——— now;
This Hag, who aims at all alike,
At Virtues e'en like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.

All things ſhe takes in, ſmall and great,
Talks of a *Toy-ſhop* and a *State*,
Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
Of *Old Lords fumbling for a Clap*,
And *young Ones full of Pray'r and Pap*,
Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,
Of *Grave Profeſſors* at the *Bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
Whilſt Laws are *ſlubber'd* o'er in haſte,
And *Judgment* ſacrific'd to TASTE;

Of

Of *Whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,
And GOD's *houſe* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where Clamours hung,
And fix'd diſgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt SENSE and ORDER bluſh'd to ſee
Nobles without HUMANITY;
Of *Coronations*, where each heart,
With honeſt raptures, bore a part;
Of *City Feaſts*, where ELEGANCE
Was proud her Colours to advance,
And GLUTTONY, uncommon caſe,
Could only get the ſecond place;
Of *New rais'd* Pillars in the State,
Who muſt be good as being great;
Of *Shoulders*, on which HONOURS ſit
Almoſt as clumſily as *Wit*;
Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* pleaſe,
But not the payment of the *Fees*;
Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry Fool
In *ſecond childhood* goes to ſchool;
Of *Grey Beards* deaf to Reaſon's call,
From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
Whom youthful Appetites enſlave,
With one Foot fairly in the grave.

By

By help of Crutch, a needful Brother,
Learning of HART to dance with t'other;
Of *Doctors regularly bred*
To fill the manſions of the dead;
Of *Quacks* (for Quacks they muſt be ſtill
Who ſave when FORMS require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To HIM, not one would wiſh to live;
Of *Artiſts* who, with nobleſt view,
Diſintereſted plans purſue,
For trembling worth the ladder raiſe,
And mark out the aſcent to praiſe;
Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *Profound*, and *all compleat*,
A SET (whom at ſome fitter time
The MUSE ſhall *conſecrate* in *Rime*)
Who humble ARTISTS to out-do
A far more *lib'ral* plan purſue,
And let their *well-judg'd* PREMIUMS fall
On thoſe who have no worth at all;
Of *Sign Poſt Exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Tho' by the way we cannot ſee
Why *Praiſe* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)

Where

Where *genuine* HUMOUR runs to waſte,
And juſtly chides our want of Taſte,
Cenſur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Becauſe they are not underſtood.

To higher ſubjects now SHE ſoars,
And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*
(If to your nice and chaſter ears
That Term *indelicate* appears,
SCRIPTURE *politely* ſhall refine,
And melt It into *Concubine*)
In the ſame breath ſpread BOURBON's *league*
And publiſhes the *Grand Intrigue*,
In BRUSSELS or *our own* GAZETTE,
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the Pox or Plague
To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,
For all the lies which there appear,
Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of ſome rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of thoſe
Who lead a Nation by the Noſe,

As

As from thoſe *ſtorms* which, void of Art,
Burſt from our *honeſt* PATRIOT's heart,
When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's Friendſhip grown,
Claim ev'ry ſentence for their own,
And with an equal joy recites
Parade Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
Perform'd by *Heroes* of *fair Weather*,
Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
As thoſe rare acts which HONOUR taught
Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
Or thoſe which, with ſuperior ſkill,
——— atchiev'd by *ſtanding ſtill*.

This HAG (the curious if they pleaſe
May ſearch from earlieſt Times to theſe,
And POETS they will always ſee,
With *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* make free,
Treating them all, except the MUSE,
As ſcarcely fit to wipe their ſhoes)
Who had beheld, from firſt to laſt
How our TRIUMVIRATE had paſs'd

Night's

Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
With ſtrict attention, ev'ry word,
Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the ſky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And rapid as a whirlwind paſt
O'er *Countries*, once the ſeats of *Taſte*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waſte;
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and *Truth* the only Law,
Where *Arts and Arms*, and *Public Love*
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove,
Where *Kings* were proud of *legal* ſway,
And Subjects *happy* to obey,
Tho' now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To *Superſtition*'s galling yoke,
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By Tyrants aw'd, who never find
The paſſage to their people's mind,

To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
For loss of blessings *they* employ,
Which WE *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the Reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole College,
Whilst with a true Poetic force
We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present.

Rivers—once NYMPHS—(a *Transformation*
Is mighty pretty in Relation)
From *great Authorities* we know
Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.
To make the Observation clear
We give our Friends an instance here.

The DAY (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts*, like *Summer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*;
Should *fond* DESCRIPTION tune our lays
In *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
DESCRIPTION we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
NATURE had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Wounds to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A GOD (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)
Raging with *Luſt*, a GODLIKE flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came:
With gloting eyes the Fair one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd;
She (for what other can ſhe do?)
Muſt fly—or how can He purſue?

The

The *Muſe* (ſo Cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her Spirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the Race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of Breath and ſtrength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,
(Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there?)
And when the God thinks He has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *Stream*, in which the POET,
If he has any Wit, may ſhew it.

A *City* once for Pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful Man!
Ah! woeful All, do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?

HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory,
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *Earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay MINISTERS muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſtink*—*Ah, me! ah, why!*
Cities themſelves in Time decay,
If *Cities* thus—*Ah, well-a-day!*
If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
On what can *Fleſh* and *Blood* depend!
Ah woeful me! Ah woeful Man!
Ah woeful All, do All we can!

ENGLAND (for that's at laſt the Scene,
Tho' Worlds on Worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
ENGLAND ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By ENGLISHMEN to be forgot,
Tho' ENGLAND, *once* ſo dear to Fame,
Sinks in GREAT BRITAIN's *dearer name*.

Here could we mention *Chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,

To

To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to Bribery and Fear,
Who kept no wretched *Clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the Law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe.
Who ſteady to their Country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in *Freedom*'s name,
E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And, when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There *(ſtriking contraſt)* might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt Bidder bought and ſold,
Truants from Honour's ſacred Laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cauſe,
The Dupes of Party, Tools of Pow'r,
Slaves to the *Minion of an Hour*,
Lacquies, who watch'd a *Favourite*'s nod,
And took a *Puppet* for their *God*.

Sincere and honeſt in our Rimes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!

How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in ENGLAND born,
Whoſe Virtues ENGLAND's crown adorn,
In Youth a pattern unto age,
So Chaſte, ſo Pious, and ſo Sage,
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands,
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of Public Love.

With conſcious Pride ſee ENGLAND ſtand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the Iſle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *Subſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out Sums to *petty* States,
Whom *Honour* ſcorns, and Reaſon hates,
But, wiſer by Experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.

Whilſt thus, ſhe cries, my children, ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd MILITIA, brave and free,
True to their KING, and true to ME,
No *foreign* Hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we Hirelings of *our own*.
Under a juſt and pious reign
The Stateſman's ſophiſtry is vain,
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence,
Their Faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The Bulwark of the KING they Love.

Theſe, and a thouſand things beſide,
Did we conſult a Poet's Pride,
Some gay, ſome ſerious, might be ſaid,
But ten to one they'd not be read,
Or were they by ſome curious few,
Not even thoſe would think them true.
For, from the time that JUBAL firſt
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been ſuſpected
Of having Truth in Rime neglected,

That *Bard* except, who, from his Youth
Equally fam'd for *Faith* and *Truth*,
By Prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *Courtly ears*, brought *Truth in Rime*.

But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which cuſtom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be ſuppos'd to lye
One half ſo faſt as FAME can fly.
Therefore (to ſolve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almoſt had forgot)
To courteous Readers be it known,
That fond of verſe and falſhood grown,
Whilſt we in ſweet digreſſion ſung,
FAME check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now purſues with double force,
And double ſpeed her deſtin'd courſe,
Nor ſtops, till ſhe the place arrives
Where GENIUS ſtarves, and DULLNESS thrives,
Where Riches Virtue are eſteem'd,
And craft is trueſt Wiſdom deem'd,

Where

Where COMMERCE proudly rears her throne
In State to other Lands unknown,
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet,
Where CHRISTIANS, JEWS, and TURKS ſhake hands,
United in *Commercial* bands,
All of one *Faith*, and that, to own
No God but INTEREST alone.

When Gods and Goddeſſes come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For Change of Air is underſtood,
By Sons of Phyſic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For theſe ſame Gods as well as Men)
By Cuſtom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he muſt know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majeſty expoſe
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,
The force is loſt, and free from awe,
We ſpy and cenſure eve'ry flaw.

But well preſerv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth freſh and new,
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſcried.

Was JOVE to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the ſky
Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,
Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his hoſt,
A nine days Wonder at the moſt.
Would we in trim our Honours wear,
We muſt preſerve them from the air,
What is familiar, Men neglect,
However worthy of reſpect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *Novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But FAME, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,

And

And never bluſh'd to ſhew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On CHANGE, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the *Weather-Cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.

Thrice did *She* ſound her TRUMP (the ſame
Which from the firſt belong'd to FAME,
An *old ill-favour'd* Inſtrument
With which the Goddeſs was content,
Tho' under a *politer* race
Bag-pipes might well ſupply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the ſound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
CONFUSION thro' the City paſt,
And FEAR beſtrode the dreadful blaſt.

Thoſe *fragrant Currents*, which we meet
Diſtilling ſoft thro' ev'ry ſtreet,

Affrighted

Affrighted from the uſual courſe,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their ſource;
Statues wept tears of blood, as faſt
As when a CÆSAR breath'd his laſt;
Horſes, which always us'd to go,
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,
Impetuous from their Stable broke,
And ALDERMEN and OXEN ſpoke.

Halls felt the force, *Tow'rs* ſhook around,
And *Steeples* nodded to the ground,
ST. PAUL himſelf (ſtrange ſight!) was ſeen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Manſion-Houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *City Taſte*,
Trembl'd, and ſeem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of ſtone.

To ſtill the ſound, or ſtop her ears,
Remove the cauſe or ſenſe of fears,
PHYSIC, in *College* ſeated high,
Would any thing but *Med'cine* try.
No more in PEWT'RERS-HALL was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word,

Thoſe

Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become,
A hapleſs ELOCUTION dumb.
FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
By ſtrict *Decorum* ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *ſtiff*, *unvaried* pace;
TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See AV'RICE cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See CREDIT totter on her Throne;
VIRTUE alone, had She been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual Fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound that not one gleam
Of Fancy can provoke a dream,
Great DULLMAN ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,

So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair;
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.

Could the FRENCH—no—that could not be
Under BUTE's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd?
To NEWFOUNDLAND indeed we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go,
Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when Reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But Pleaſure, Health, and Change of Air.
But Reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.

Or could his *Succeſſor* (Ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *Succeſſor elect*,
All Cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time;

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *Countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe Countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *Rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a STUART *in their heart)*
Could SCOTTISH CHARLES ——

Conjecture thus,

That mental IGNIS FATUUS,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From FRANCE to ENGLAND, hence to FRANCE,
'Till INFORMATION (in the ſhape
Of Chaplain learned, good SIR CRAPE,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd Prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry City feaſt,

For

For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the Houſe of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the beſt Hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The Grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying Abſtinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to chear the heart of Man,
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That Chearfulneſs was kill'd by thought,
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few perhaps would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe Conſcience leave off drinking,
'Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;

With

With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *Chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the Scoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever State
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly (for *Breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound,
Related too, that at the door,
POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and M—E,
Begg'd that FAME might not be allow'd,
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If Old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſewhere*)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In Man to exerciſe his reaſon,
Which might *ingeniouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for Truth and Lies,

And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falſhood were but one;
Which JURIES muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very BIBLE
Might be interpreted a *Libel*.

M****, (who, his Reverence to ſave,
Pleaded the Fool to ſcreen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witneſs'd on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*)
Had taken down, from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *Fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate
E'en in the Cradle, had decreed
The *mighty* DULLMAN ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE was there.
From H***** e'en to CLERKENWELL
Who knows not *ſmooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE?

A Preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For Preaching that which others wrote.

Had DULLMAN now (and Fools we ſee
Seldom want Curioſity)
Conſented (but the *mourning ſhade*,
Of GASCOYNE haſt'ned to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant CANNING's Picture bore)
That *our three Heroes* ſhould advance
And read their *Comical Romance*,
How rich a feaſt, what royal fare
We for our Readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
That no *one foreign blatant* beaſt,
Within the purlieus of the *Law*,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off——*this feaſt is all my own.*

Bending to earth the downcaſt eye,
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As *One* immers'd in deepeſt Thought,
Or with ſome holy Viſion caught,

His Hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart.
Here M****, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go
All Saint, with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that RELIGION's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,
A Proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that *Arch fiend* HYPOCRISY,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd ſneaking Cowardice!*
Bold Sin reclaim'd is often ſeen;
Paſt hope that Man, who dares be mean.

There, full of *fleſh*, and full of *Grace*,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*,
Which NATURE gives to ſons of earth,
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
Should the *prim* PLAUSIBLE be ſeen,
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt NATURE, arm'd by GRAVITY,
His Features too in buckle ſee;
See with what Sanctity he reads,
With what Devotion tells his beads!

Now

Now Prophet, ſhew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart;
Shew *there*, if Truth thou can'ſt unfold,
Religion center'd all in Gold,
Shew *Him*, nor fear Correction's rod,
As falſe to *Friendſhip*, as to GOD.

Horrid, *unweildy*, *without Form*,
Savage, as OCEAN in a Storm,
Of ſize prodigious, in the rear,
That Poſt of Honour, ſhould appear
POMPOSO; *Fame* around ſhould tell
How he a ſlave to int'reſt fell,
How, for *Integrity* renown'd,
Which Bookſellers have often found,
He for *Subſcribers* baits his hook,
And takes their caſh—but where's the Book?
No matter where—*Wiſe* Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a Foe;
But what, to ſerve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No Man alive, who would not ſwear
All's *ſafe*, and therefore *honeſt* there.

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For, ſpite of all the learned ſay,
If we to Truth attention pay,
The word *Diſhoneſty* is meant
For nothing elſe but *Puniſhment*.
Fame too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all Principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,
He damns the *Penſion* which he takes,
And loves the STUART he forſakes.
NATURE (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,
Or *through much work requir'd in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
POMPOSO form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *Beaſt*, nor quite a *Man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human Wit
Find out a Monſter, which might be
The Shadow of a *Simile*.

THESE

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY
Nor can the *Poet*'s Truth agree, [THREE,
Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their Race,
The Sons of Infamy to place,
That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we with joy in ALDRICH find.
THESE THREE, who now are *faintly* ſhewn,
Juſt ſketch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If DULLMAN their Requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger Colours had appear'd,
And Friends, tho' partial, at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their Journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For Mirth, muſt ſuch a Journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt Fear by Conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold SATIRE made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not VIRTUE's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *Intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A Cuſtom current with Mankind,
So loud to Whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A Cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her Candour to ſecure; yet aim,
Sure Death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall Fools*, and laſh *ſmall Knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where Laws cannot ſecure,
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken Youth,
Secure in Principles of *Truth*;
Truth! why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of Letters
Dare to ſpeak *Truth* againſt his *Betters!*
Let *ragged* VIRTUE ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;

Let

Let *ragged* WIT a Mute become,
When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the Devil doth not know,
That Titles and Eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of Graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are Rogues and Fools by Situation;
The Rich and Great are underſtood
To be of Courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then Int'reſt more than Pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide,
Deſert in Time the ſimple few,
Who *Virtue*'s barren path purſue,
Adopt my maxims——follow Me——
To BAAL bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,
At BAAL's altars hourly bend,
So ſhalt Thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be Great *now*, You muſt be mean.

Hence, *Tempter*, to ſome weaker Soul,
Which Fear and Intereſt controul;

Vainly

Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where VIRTUE ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Thro' Meanneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy Gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt Thou won?
Dull Crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe Thee for Virtues not thy own;
But will, at once Man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial CONSCIENCE too commend?
From her Reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt Thou with worlds her ſilence buy?
Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A Paſſage to thy *Coward* Mind.
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew Thee truly, *as Thou art,*
Unknown to thoſe, by whom Thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.

The Man, who weds the ſacred MUSE,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And He, who VIRTUE's throne would rear,
Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.

Tho'

Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in Purple, ſhines,
Tho' *Vice* exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When SATIRE wields her mighty Flail;
Or ſhould They, of rebuke afraid,
With MELCOMBE ſeek Hell's deepeſt ſhade,
SATIRE, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at SATIRE's Throne;
What Pow'r I have, be all her own.

Nor ſhall yon *Lawyer*'s ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary Fear
To damp us in our bold Career.
Why ſhould we Fear; and what? the Laws?
They all are arm'd in VIRTUE's cauſe.

And

And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
SATIRE is always VIRTUE's Friend,
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When, dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in Vice and Indolence,
The SPIRIT of old ROME was broke
Beneath the *Tyrant Fidler*'s yoke)
Baniſh'd the Roſe from Nero's cheek;
Under a BRUNSWICK fear to ſpeak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from REASON's plan,
How vain is that *poor Creature*, MAN!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paultry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my Promiſe made in Rime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the Mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that Curſe of Heart and Head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.

Could

Could I, whilſt *Humour* held the Quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in STERNE,
Where each *Digreſſion*, ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found, on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice Connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art,
Whence it ſeems idly to depart;
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the Muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull Pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each Image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And We to DULLMAN now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.

Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn *red?*

These are *low* symptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart;
Our DULLMAN with a face was bless'd
Where no one passion was express'd,
His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought:
Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To AVARICE by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *Marriage* into *Pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of Pomps, of Vanities, and Courts,
And by success too mighty made,
To love his Country or his Trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare case
With Blockheads in, or out of Place)
Too weak, and insolent of Soul,
To suffer Reason's just controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim transient toy*, MY LORD;

The

The dupe of SCOTS (a fatal race,
Whom GOD in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in ENGLAND's ſide,
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *Friends*)
Deep in the ſtate, if we give credit
To *Him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it,
Sworn friend of great Ones not a few,
Tho' he their Titles only knew,
And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to ſhew himſelf polite
He never would pronounce aright;
An *Orator* with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which ROME and ATHENS boaſt,
In all their Pride might not contend,
Who, with no Pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt JACKEY HUME, and BILLY WHITEHEAD,
And DICKEY GLOVER ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in Nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe *able Verſe-men* write,

Great

Great DULLMAN from his bed aroſe—
Thrice did he ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
Thrice ſtrove to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then Silence broke—CRAPE, who am I?
CRAPE bow'd, and ſmil'd an arch reply,
Am I not CRAPE? I am, you know,
Above all thoſe who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for *Wit*,
Money will always purchaſe it,
Nor, if it needful ſhould be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
For which the whole ſtock may be bought
Of *ſcoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
But leſt I ſhould proceed too far,
I'll feel my Friend *the Miniſter*,
(Great Men, CRAPE, muſt not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected,
For, as I ſtand a magiſtrate,
To ſerve him firſt, and next the State,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magiſtrates have wit.

Boaſt

Boaſt I not, at this very hour,
Thoſe large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I ſit, whilſt others ſtand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In ſeat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a JUSTICE ought,
The laws ſuch wholeſome rigour taught,
That *Fornication*, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhew her face,
And not one Whore theſe walls approaches
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
Without our Licence ſound her Trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad Day-light blow up a Riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our State? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *Neck ennobling* CHAIN,

Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *ſolemn-ſpreading* ROBE,
Farewell the SWORD,—*farewell* the MACE,
Farewell all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.
Remov'd from Men of high degree,
(A loſs to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
Baniſh'd to CHIPPENHAM, or to FROME,
DULLMAN once more ſhall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPPENHAM—cries,
If there be Pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Thoſe Pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.

Sooner ſhall ſtubborn WILL lay down
His oppoſition with his *Gown*,
Sooner ſhall TEMPLE leave the road
Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode,
Sooner ſhall SCOTS this Country quit,
And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown.

Sure

Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there ſtood
Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
Of *dry fine* Wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in HOMER's days.)
Sure as that *Cane*, which once was ſeen
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of INDUS to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *Cane*,
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh in Tawny INDIA's ſhore,
So ſure ſhall DULLMAN and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if He ſlept,

Now looking ſteadfaſtly on CRAPE,
As at ſome God in human ſhape—
CRAPE, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharg'd a Prophecy;
Yes—from the firſt it doth appear
Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghoſt*—
Quite on the wrong ſide of the Poſt—
Blockheads to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *Miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine.
CRAPE—*here* it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A *Plot*—a *Plot*—I've found it out.

O God!—cries CRAPE,—how bleſt the nation,
Where one Son boaſts ſuch penetration!

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;

To STENTOR go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* NORTON bear—
Our Citizens to Council to call—
Let *All* meet—'tis the cauſe of *All*.
Let the three Witneſſes attend
With *Allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As We inſtruct them in before.

Stay—CRAPE—come back—what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
DULLMAN all care and toil endures—
The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.
A *Mitre* (for, this arduous taſk
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I aſk)
A *Mitre* (and perhaps the beſt)
Shall thro' my Intereſt make thee bleſt.
And at this time, when *gracious* FATE
Dooms to the *Scot* the reigns of State,
Who is more fit (and for your uſe
We could ſome inſtances produce)
Of ENGLAND's *Church* to be the *Head*,
Than You, a *Preſbyterian* bred?

But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, CRAPE, and let Me not,
Like *Old* NEWCASTLE, be forgot.

But an Affair, CRAPE, of this ſize
Will aſk from Conduct vaſt ſupplies;
It muſt not, as the Vulgar ſay,
Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's diſcreet)
Who hatch the Plot, in private meet;
They ſhould in Public go, no doubt,
Whoſe buſineſs is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *Grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City Pomp diſplay'd,
Let the *Train-bands*—CRAPE ſhook his head—
They heard the Trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the caſe,
My Servants ſhall ſupply their place—
My Servants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* Servants did before—

Doſt

Doſt not remember, CRAPE, that day,
When, DULLMAN's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our City Friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our Love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My Servants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haſte then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go—
But ſend up HART who waits below,
With him, 'till You return again
(Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.

Not quite ſo faſt as Lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by JOVE,
IRIS deſcends on wings of Love;
Not quite ſo faſt as TERROR rides
When He the chafing winds beſtrides;
CRAPE Hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter than He cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Juſtice led,
The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,
Where Arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere Sin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where Brutes of *foreign* race are ſhewn
By Brutes much greater of *our own*,
Faſt by the crouded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *Eloquence* preſides,
And *Nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State,
Here ev'ry NAIAD's Patriot ſoul,
Diſdaining *Foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain Old Engliſh* Curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here STENTOR, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out Law.

Twelve

Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest Virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the Bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *Rev'rend* slave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR—with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A Nation's welfare in his brain—
STENTOR—cries CRAPE—I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,

Great

Great DULLMAN's orders to convey;
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which Patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and *Toſſes* in his breaſt,
Tumbles and *Toſſes* to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by Me.

To-morrow if the Day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *Grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City Pomp diſplay'd—
Our Citizens to Council call—
Let *All* meet—'tis the Cauſe of *All*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted ſenſe
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wiſe*,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; They would not go
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,

Nor

Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *Pantomime*;
No, not at COVENT-GARDEN, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying *Folly*'s call,
Thrive by mere ſhew, or not at all.

With theſe *grave* Fops, who (bleſs their brains,
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains
For wretchedneſs, and would be thought
Much wiſer than a wiſe man ought
For his own happineſs to be,
Who, what they hear, and what they ſee,
And what they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
Diſtruſt, till REASON ſets her ſeal,
And, by long trains of conſequences
Enſur'd, gives Sanction to the *Senſes*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waſte
One hour in what the World calls Taſte,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry
Unleſs they know ſome reaſon why;

With

With theſe *grave* Fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
To give up Certainty for dreams,
The *Eye* of Man is underſtood
As for no other purpoſe good
Than as a door, thro' which of courſe
Their paſſage crouding objects force,
A downright Uſher, to admit
New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.
(Good GRAVITY, forbear thy ſpleen
When I ſay *Wit*, I *Wiſdom* mean.)
Where (ſuch the practice of the Court,
Which legal Precedents ſupport)
Not one Idea is allow'd
To paſs unqueſtion'd in the crowd,
But e're It can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the Chief in Congregation
Muſt ſtand a *ſtrict Examination*.

Not ſuch as *Theſe*, who PHYSIC twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,
Who prove, with all becoming State,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd with *Eſſence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
To be another WARD, or HILL,
Before they can obtain their Ends,
To ſign Death-warrants for their Friends,
And talents vaſt as their's employ,
Secundem Artem to deſtroy,
Muſt paſs (or Laws their rage reſtrain)
Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,
Moſt fit to take, in this bleſt Land,
The reins which fell from WYNDHAM's hand,
Her lawful throne great DULLNESS rears,
Still more herſelf as more in Years;
Where She (and who ſhall dare deny
Her right, when REEVES and CHAUNCY's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One GARTH who err'd in Wit and Rime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That SCHOMBERG never ſhall be there.

Not

Not such as *Those*, whom FOLLY trains
To Letters, tho' unbless'd with brains,
Who destitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;
Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their Sires, a common case
Which brings the Children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a Fool,
Must pass, or must *compound for*, e're
The *Chaplain* full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend Permit*,
Announcing them for Orders fit,
So that the Prelate (what's a Name?
All Prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All Sanctity, *all Faith*, *all Sense*,
Makes MADAN quite a Saint appear,
And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.

Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *Aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his Maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the Storehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muſe
This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why *Phyſic* and *Divinity*,
To the ſurprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But Men of nice and ſubtle Learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,

Thro'

Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That We a Method here have got,
To ſhew What is, by What is not;
And that our drift (*Parentheſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's moſt ſecret cells,
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,
With common Voice, We REASON call;
Tho', for the purpoſes of Satire,
A name in Truth is no great Matter,
JEFFERIES or MANSFIELD, which You will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here, ſo our great Projectors ſay,
The Senſes all muſt homage pay,
Hither They all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,

Examines, Croſs-examines, Weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow Views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The Channel of Enquiry's clear,
No *ſham Examination*'s here.

He, upright Juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What Virtue is, and What is Vice,
What is Perfection, what Defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What Pleaſure is, and what is Pain,
Whilſt We, obedient to the Whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True Members of the *Stoic* weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.

This glorious Syſtem form'd, for Man
To practiſe when and how he can,

If

If the five Senſes in alliance
To Reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry hold,
Than Jewiſh Bondage was of old;
Or if They, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,
To hold a mimic formal Court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,
And ſuffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold a globe, but not employ;
Our *Syſtem-mongers*, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to Anarchy muſt run;
The little World of Man's undone.

Nay ſhould the *Eye*, that niceſt Senſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the Brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere,

Should She preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the Underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring Treaſon
Againſt the Monarchy of REASON,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wondrous* wiſe,
That few have *Reaſon*, moſt have *Eyes*;
So that the Pleaſures of the Mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the Senſes fall,
Become the Property of All.
Beſides (and this is ſure a Caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where NATURE Reaſon doth deny,
No Art can that defect ſupply,
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)
A Man ſhould want an eye or two,
The Remedy is ſure, tho' new;
The Cure's at hand—no need of Fear—
For proof—behold the CHEVALIER—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But,

But, Argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes and ſep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apoſtate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
And foe of courſe to Reaſon's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own Senſe and Feelings taught,
In ſpeech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No Penalties ſhould ſettled be
To force men to Hypocriſy,
To make them ape an aukward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might ſentence reſt
Finally fix'd within my breaſt,
E'en ANNET cenſur'd and confin'd,
Becauſe we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act moſt free,
Herſelf delights in Liberty,

Profuſe in Love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty ſhed
In double Portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way,
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By Inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to uſe
His Freedom, hath a right to chuſe,
Whether he acts or well, or ill,
Depends entirely on his will;
To her laſt work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on NATURE's better plan
A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His Qualities, a claim can found
That my Opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let Thoſe, who rigid Judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if They of no value hold
Pleaſure, till Pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate,
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull Subjects ſuited to their mind;
Their's be ſlow Wiſdom; Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardleſs as the faſhions go,
Whether there's Reaſon for't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral ſcope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a roſe from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by Error led aſtray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide obſerve, in ſpite,
I'm wrong, who cannot ſet me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found diſeaſe, and not a cure,
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whoſe zeal a helping hand ſhall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wiſe;
For next, a Truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wiſdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are ſo.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.
Some for *Reality* may call,
FANCY to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us ſick,
And why, let any Sophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?

This

This am I ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But Joys which in the FANCY live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens Fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a Mortal wiſh for more?)
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er,
Mocks boaſted vain *Reality*,
And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large encreaſe of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,

A *knaviſh* guard, ordain'd by Law
To keep *poor Honeſty* in awe;
Authority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
And Laughter ſeiz'd each ſober fool;
When Candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe;
When All around Me, with an air
Of hopeleſs Sorrow, look'd Deſpair,
When They or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
Diſabled, lay by Virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to chear,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull Regularity thrown by,
And Comfort beaming from her eye,

FANCY,

FANCY, in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in *Rime.*

Nor is her Pow'r to Me confin'd,
It ſpreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-ſtirring ſound
Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,
And Fifes, well mingled to reſtrain,
And bring that Courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe, who, ENGLAND quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the SCOT,
Where ASGILL held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether They are of Stage or State)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;

When

When the Performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of Senſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a Labyrinth of Thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, Man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why They, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,
Themſelves and *Nature* to expoſe?
What Cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our Remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *Styptic* by)

FANCY ſteps in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the Country SENSE went down,
And Fools came flocking up to Town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parſons* play'd,
In robes *Canonical* array'd,
And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of Tickets to advance;
Or, unto Tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from Booth to Booth about,
To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it Out;
When, by the *prudent Marſhal*'s care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,

And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay Puppets of Patrician ſtrain,
The whole Proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by Night;
When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould Paſſion ſtir
The leaſt Propenſity to err,
Againſt all *Slaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain,
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;
Then FANCY, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole Miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.

A KNIGHT (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a *Guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of Slaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound,
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A Point to ſword, or Edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of Blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight,
Who diſinherited one Son
For firing off an *Elder* Gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the Boy, preſumptuous, bold
To Madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *City Bands)*
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,

The

The Minds of Warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of Fame,
With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but Weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To Charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *Campaign*
His *Honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A Hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of Valour as himſelf,
Who leave their Courage on a ſhelf
From Year to Year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever Hero did before,
Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,
Like MAVORS, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd,
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And perſonated Valour's ſtile
So long, Spectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wondrous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,

Nor

Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did FANCY play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern HERCULES at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *Parade* of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the Diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, let's them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;

Who ſports a Woman, as of courſe,
Juſt as a Jockey ſhews a horſe,
And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather VENUS find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize Her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' faſhion, not thro' feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who Laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of Senſe;
Who, having ſome ſmall Senſe, defies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of Sterling Worth,

Something,

Something, by ſudden Start and Fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on Examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A Threadbare Jeſter's threadbare jeſt;
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's Aſs,
A *gratis* fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does every thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of Vice, is Vicious; who one hour,
Proud without Pride, the next will be
Humble without Humility;
Whoſe Vanity we all diſcern,
The Spring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen,

Such (for when FLATT'RY's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art, to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,
Such WHIFFLE came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the World's eye, but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by FANCY's magic ſpell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own.
O bow, bow All at FANCY's throne,
Whoſe Pow'r could make ſo vile an Elf,
With Patience bear that thing, *himſelf*.

But, Miſtreſs of each art to pleaſe,
Creative FANCY, what are theſe,
Theſe Pageants of a trifler's Pen,
To what thy Pow'r effected then?

Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part
Possess'd the Eye, the Head, the Heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might ask
The Privilege to wear a mask
In spite of Law, and Justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt Eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like Centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like Soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,

Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become *a Juſtice-ſhop)*
Which are ſo manag'd, to go out
Juſt when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation ſtrive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongſt the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
FANCY, betwixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
No bruſh to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whoſe force
Chang'd in an inſtant Nature's courſe,
And, hardly credible in Rime,
Not only ſtopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The Face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating ſtream appear'd,
Down the Neck ringlets ſpread their flame,
The Neck admiring whence they came;
On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full Boſom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits ſent,
Became for Eyes a ſupplement;

Teeth,

Teeth, white as ever Teeth were seen,
Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,
Started, in regular array,
Like Train-Bands on a grand Field-day,
Into the Gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— ——— was fifteen.

Here She made lordly temples rise
Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,
Temples which built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form Herself, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyz,
More of another World than this,
To a *dwarf Muse a Giant Page*,
The last grave Fop of the last Age,
In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with Verse,

Which, to Beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal Car,
She rode, in a *caſt* Rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear Cells
Where, *Self-bleſs'd*, *Self-curs'd* MADNESS dwells)
PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter*'s ſhape,
FRENZY had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild Witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an Idol band
Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,
Some, who to curſe Mankind, had Wore
A Crown they ne'er muſt think of more,
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paſte,
She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of BUTE.

Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man
To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,
Fit *Code* to keep a world in awe,

Bound

Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewiſh Frontlets* were of old,
The famous CHARTER of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy,
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,
By TORIES guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of *axe*, or *ſcaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curſe on this *Muſe*, a flippant Jade,
A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.

Her

Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The Husband suffers for the Wife,
So if in any works of rime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor Culprit Bards must always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a Father will provide
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,
As if, tho' they must be the Play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs)*
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *Politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of fate, that Time shall soon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at least,
As grave and dull as any Priest,

I could

I could ſee *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *Folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in Office, and would bow
To Cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like ATLAS, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation
From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little Knaves in awe,
But now, *Decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a Pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of Safety and of Fame,
The names of Scoundrels minute down,
And Libel more than half the Town.

How

How can a Stateſman be ſecure
In all his Villainies, if poor
And dirty Authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time,
In dreſſing out the Poet's rime
With Bills and Ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning Fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs Son
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian Beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a WHITEHEAD's *Ode* go down,
Or ſlakes the *Feverette* of *Brown*:
But who would in his Senſes think
Of Muſes giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving Poets Gun or Sword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of State,

Nor

Nor ſhould (if we may ſpeak our thought
Truely as men of Honour ought)
Sound Policy their rage admit,
To Launch the thunderbolts of Wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

Theſe things well known, what Devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever Poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome *Judge* (You'll underſtand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For *making* Law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a Pill'ry end,
And all this, I my ſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——

For inſtance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome Critic Poſt

Remark

Remark moſt gravely—" The firſt word
Which we about the Ghoſt have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on You or Me.
FANNY, no Ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd,
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If She had never come at all.
An Underling, I could not ſtir
Without the Cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until She came, and gave me leave.
So that (Ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,

Nor

Nor would I to ſo wiſe a nation
Suggeſt it as a *Revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after Page, Ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in Sea or Air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let MANSFIELD try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile,
Make it but worth the Reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At pleaſure's call to take a coach,
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down?

But to return—if WIT, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the *Muſe*,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *Decorum*'s plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can,
As *Parſons*, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an Hour,
Give no more Reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give Why they went out.

But to return—this Book—the GHOST—
A mere amuſement at the moſt,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,

A ſlight

A ſlight ſhot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
Juſt as our modern State-men are,
If rigid honeſty permit
That I for once purloin the Wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this Book, where Eaſe ſhould join
With Mirth to *ſugar* ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere *Chit Chat*,
Lively, Good humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honeſt* SATIRE, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhew her face,
The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science*, *Trade*, and *Politics*.

But why ſhould the diſtemper'd Scold
Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an Empire to their will,
Whoſe Voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, *Liberty*, and *Life* are hung,

Whom on enquiry, Truth ſhall find,
With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their Country's Laws,
Defenders of a Tyrant's cauſe,
Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs Honour, much more Art?
Why, at the Corners of the Streets,
To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should She wild clamours vent, or why,
The minds of *Groundlings* to inflame,
A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?
Why, having not to our ſurprize
The fear of death before her Eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should She an argument afford,
For blood, to Men who *wear a ſword*,
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
A point of HONOUR to a hair,

(HONOUR

(HONOUR—a Word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a Court,
Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—
HONOUR—a Word, which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
HONOUR—a Word which torture mocks
And might confound a thouſand LOCKES—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can
What HONOUR *is*, on their Wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their Way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honeſty*, or *Senſe)*
Men, who all Spirit, Life and Soul,
Neat Butchers of a *Button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too,
Men, who without a place or name,
Their Fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?

At *Coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious SATIRE reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt?
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horſe?*
A Champion's *horſe*—no, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rime, a PEGASUS,
A *Rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a BELLEROPHON,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both Horſe and Man,
On ſuch a well-concerted plan,
That, *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could She not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,

Who

Who Walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot,
Than robes of Honour, for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great Predeceſſors to their mind?
Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*,
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,
Tell how her City-Chiefs diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive,
A groſs neglect of all thoſe rights
Which march with City Appetites,
Of all thoſe Canons, which we find
By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold,
Dearer than any thing but Gold?

Thanks to my Stars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
Thus ſtumbling on my City Friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpoſe bends
In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view,
Nor more ſhall with the reader ſport
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The Reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to ALLEN I reſign,
ALLEN, the honour of this nation,
ALLEN, himſelf a *Corporation*,
ALLEN, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
ALLEN, the firſt of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common Senſe*,

The

The Car of PHOEBUS I discharge;
My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR's *Barge*.

Suppose we now—we may suppose
In Verse, what would be Sin in Prose—
The Sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside,
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art,
Desire triumphant thro' the Night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight,
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of Morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the Night,
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at COTTRELL's door,
Precaution trudging all about
To see the Candles safely out,

Bearing a mighty *Maſter Key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple ſeals,
Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppoſe we too, like ſheep in Pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The Rowers more than half aſleep,
Mov'd ſlow, as over-charg'd with State;
THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bawble* heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his Poppies ſhed,
Each head, by DULLNESS rend'red fit
SLEEP and his Empire to admit.
Thro' the whole paſſage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half ſound was heard;
SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm
The Steerſman nodding o'er the helm;
The Rowers, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull Barge to drive at will;

The sluggish Oars suspended hung,
And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue*.
COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,
On which depended half her *State*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of Sand,
Where, stranded, our West-Country Fleet
Delay and Danger often meet;
Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid;
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by Night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and Light to them the same)
They past that building, which of old
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,
At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
A Palace turn'd into a den,
To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head;
Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out Law,

To

To ſee all cauſes duly tried
'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* ſhould we ſtay?
What of the *Temple* dare we ſay?
A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the Breth'ren of the ſeas
For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, moſt wiſely made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
In the great Mart of all this Nation,
By ſtopping up the Navigation,
And to that Sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Senſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſhmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till PATERSON, as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That, on the other ſide the TWEED,
ART, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,

But

But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One MYLNE, an Artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own, and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as He,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inſcriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth obſervation too,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, Our Muſe might tell in rime;
The Will She hath, but not the time;
For, ſwift as ſhaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddeſs comes, we know,
Surpaſſing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar, nor ſail)
The Veſſel paſt, and reach'd the ſhore
So quick, that Thought was ſcarce before.

Suppoſe we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their State regardleſs quite,
Landed, like ſmuggled goods, by night;

The

The ſolemn Magiſtrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other enſign gone;
Suppoſe the woollen Night-Cap on:
The *Fleſh-bruſh* us'd with decent ſtate
To make the Spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the Senſes true,
The liq'riſh Chaplain uſes too,
Tho', ſomething to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid inſtead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To ſhew the vigour of threeſcore,
The vigour of threeſcore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppoſe, the mighty DULLMAN led
Betwixt two ſlaves, and put to bed;
Suppoſe, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The Drone as faſt aſleep, as He
Muſt in the courſe of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There

There let him ſleep, whilſt we ſurvey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be ſhewn
Court-Pride by *City Pride* outdone.

The jealous Mother ſends away,
As only fit for childiſh play,
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her ſide.

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's inſtruments the worſt,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in ſome Spendthrift's vain array;
Around his aukward doxy ſhine
The treaſures of GOLCONDA's mine,
Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publiſh'd there.

Garments, well ſav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-ſav'd, which firſt were made,
When Taylors, to promote their Trade,

Againſt the *Picts* in arms aroſe,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like Names, and Titles, which deſcend
Succeſſively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unleſs ſome work is done
Of Note, not ſuffer'd to appear
'Bove once at moſt in ev'ry year,
Were now, in ſolemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this Solemnity, to void
That ſcent, which RUSSIA's leather gave,
From vile and impious Moth to ſave.

Each head was buſy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about
The Servants put each other out,
Till the grave Maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſe ſpeed;
Miſs, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a ſmuggled toilet dos'd;

The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one Work, but doing all,
In ſlumbers lean'd againſt the wall;
Milliners, ſummon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in ſhoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
With labour'd viſible deſign
ART ſtrove to be *ſuperbly* fine,
NATURE, more pleaſing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwiſe her *darling* child,
And cried, with ſpirited diſdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the Eaſt,
A welcome prelude to the feaſt,
In *ſaffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a Car by VULCAN made,
Who work'd for JOVE himſelf, each Steed
High mettled, of celeſtial breed,
Pawing and Pacing all the way,
AURORA brought the wiſh'd-for day,

And

And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! It ſpeaks—It ſwells
The loud full harmony, It tells
The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led
By form, his Citizens muſt head,
And march thoſe troops, which at his call
Were now aſſembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

From end to end the ſound makes way,
All hear the Signal and obey,
But DULLMAN, who, his charge forgot,
By MORPHEUS fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, ſo ſound he ſlept and faſt,
Hear any Trumpet, but the laſt.

CRAPE, ever true and truſty known,
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
Then in the Spirituals of pride,
Planted himſelf at DULLMAN's ſide.

Thrice

Thrice did the ever-faithful Slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The THEBAN Boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind
The Proverb kept, *fast bind, fast find)*
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which CRAPE to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started He with stupid stare,
For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown;

Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of Robes, and trumpery of State;
Behold him (for the Maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves, and Chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go *titter*, *totter*, to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *ſtarts*, he *pauſes* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *ſtarted*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with CRAPE begins to reaſon;

But

But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.

CRAPE—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well, or ill
Perhaps may wiſh me, but thoſe who
Have't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a Wiſe Man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,
Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a Fool;

The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.

Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And BUTE prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, Honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great Iſle;
But, if a matter of much doubt,
The preſent Miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe;
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, You know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.

As one in wonder loſt, CRAPE view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſued.

This, my good CRAPE, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.
What I would wiſh to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in diſpute, You know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk—The *Rev'rend* Slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fixt to the ground and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the Prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry Church in town;
He ſtood ſome minutes, then, like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow ſaid:

Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear,
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty DULLMAN ſee my heart,
When He, alas! makes known a will,
Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Senſe and Honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly Maſter taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Int'reſt, to whom Thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,

And

And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites, as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of Voluntary ſervitude,
Purſued, without or ſhame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the Year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This Taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but DULLMAN's wit.

With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor CRAPE—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled CRAPE, wiſe DULLMAN ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run *of* errands, and to preach,

Well haſt Thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well haſt Thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
Of ſuch high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I ſpoke,
And all I ſaid was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, CRAPE, a diſgrace
Or to my Perſon, or my place;
The wiſeſt of the Sons of Men
Have deign'd to uſe them now and then.
The only caution, do You ſee,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common uſe and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great Uſe they have, when in the hands
Of One, like me, who underſtands,
Who underſtands the time and place,
The perſons, manner, and the grace,
Which Fools neglect; ſo that we find,
If all the requiſites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
A joke's a very ſerious thing.

But to our buſineſs—my deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my Capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.

Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Aye, and thoſe men of Genius too,
Good Men, who, without Love or Hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point—ſo will not I.
New methods ſhall my wiſdom find
To ſuit theſe matters to my mind,
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their ſport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;

Would

Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a Daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd,
Nay, should the Girl prove coy, nor know
What Daughters to a Father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
To public eye be with *one* set,
In private with a *second* herd,
And be by Proxy with a *third*;
Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all LORD-MAYORS should have by heart)
A *Queen* (O might those days begin
Afresh when Queens would learn to spin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,

During

During the abſence of the Sun
Undid what She by day had done)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by Day, by Night unſwear.

Such be their Arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem *mine* ſhall ſpring,
A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.
That's your true Plan—to obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My *Shadow* ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,
My *fine State-Coach*, ſuperb to view,
A fine State-Coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place,
In the mean time *I*—that's to ſay—
I proper, *I* myſelf—*here* ſtay.

But hold—perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,
To lend my Coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the Miniſtry,

For

For where the City-Coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the MAYOR.
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt Fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No *Coach*—a *Horſe*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Faſt on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide,
Then for a *Horſe*—thro' all the land,
To head our ſolemn City-band,
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As He, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
Without a Rider, noble Sight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.

But firſt, CRAPE, for my Honour's ſake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *Horſe*, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of Juſtice) whether *Horſe* or *Man*

The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That Pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *Pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint Judges over-awe
To bias the free course of Law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, CRAPE, You must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great DULLMAN sit alone,
Making this Elbow-Chair my throne,
And, You performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

CRAPE heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey;
Not without trouble be assur'd,
A proper Proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a Lord to represent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other side of *London-wall*.

The

The trumpet ſounds—ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand Proceſſion go,
All moving on, Cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.

Conſtables, whom the Laws admit
To keep the Peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
By virtue of a ſilver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treaſurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treaſury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since PEIRSON taught them pride and ſhow,
Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe,

Overſeers,

Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like Beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Professor* SHERIDAN;
A Man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal Machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher AMMON's Son,
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in One.
On all occasions next the Chair
He stand for service of the MAYOR,
And to instruct him how to use,
His *A*'s and *B*'s, and *P*'s and *Q*'s.
O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Sense*,
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criss-Cross-Rows*.

Before

Before him ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The Ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next HART and DUKE, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place.
No Children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age,
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City Spouſe,
Their aid with *Madam*'s aid muſt join
The aukward Dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a Kit, and each
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and Cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard,
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.

Great

Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,
And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *Uniformity* of Pride,
Brought *Brother* WHITEHEAD by his side.

On Horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great DYMOCK, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not so our *City* DYMOCK came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame,
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *Dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride,

Nor find a Man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death,
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the Night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the Parade;
With *Swords*, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With *Blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *Pocket-Piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *Armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was that the Horſe (a Courteſy
In Horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some Scruple make to turn their back,

Tho'

Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited Epithet)
The *independent* AMYAND came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of ſlav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the Houſe-top,
Or like Himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Intereſt, and Common-Senſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,
The *Left*-hand had been loneſome quite,
If He had not held up the *right*,

Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which in Letters worthy note,
There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.
Falſe trap, for Credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound;
Nay, look not thus on Me, and ſtare,
Doubting the Certainty—to ſwear
In ſuch a caſe I ſhould be loth—
But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE;
CONNIVANCE, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Jury-man*,
Judging as Intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
EXTORTION next, of helliſh race,
A Cub moſt damn'd, to ſhew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold
Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,

IMPOTENCE

IMPOTENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE
Strutting with PONTON by her ſide,
HYPOCRISY, demure and ſad,
In garments of the Prieſthood clad,
So well diſguis'd, that You might ſwear,
Deceiv'd, a very Prieſt was there;
BANKRUPTCY, full of eaſe and health,
And wallowing in *well-ſav'd* wealth,
Came ſneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B——— in her hand;
VICTORY, hanging down her head,
Was by a highland Stallion led;
PEACE, cloath'd in ſables, with a face
Which witneſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
Which ſpake a deep and rooted ſhame
Both of Herſelf and of her Name,
Mourning creeps on, and bluſhing feels
WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels;
Pale CREDIT, ſhaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worſe hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to ſtand,
Well nigh deſtroy'd by ſickly fit,
Look'd wiſtful all around for PITT.

FREEDOM—at that moſt hallow'd name
My Spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulſe beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am FREEDOM's Son—
FREEDOM came next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
When the ſky, which appear'd ſerene
And gay before, was overcaſt;
Horror beſtrode a *foreign* blaſt,
And from the *priſon* of the *North*,
To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burſt forth.

A *Car* like thoſe, in which, we're told,
Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with Death, ſix Horſes bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled ſmoke and flame
From their wide Noſtrils; ev'ry Steed
Was of that ancient ſavage breed
Which fell GERYON nurs'd; their food
The fleſh of Man, their drink his blood.

On

On the firſt Horſes, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and ſleek, *That* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd Riders ſide by ſide,
And POVERTY was yok'd with PRIDE.
Union moſt ſtrange it muſt appear,
Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterneſs,
With rage, which words can ill expreſs,
With unforgiving rage, which ſprings
From a falſe zeal for holy things,
Wearing ſuch robes as Prophets wear,
Falſe Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,
On which, in Characters of fire,
Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of Sainted Devils, where all round
Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worſe than Devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquiſitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,

And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer, Man,
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe,
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of Our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd ſword*;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth PEACE, *amongſt men*, GOOD WILL,
LOVE *bearing*, and *forbearing* ſtill,
All wrote in the *hearts-blood* of thoſe
Who rather Death than Falſhood choſe;
On her breaſt, (where, in days of Yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore
Thoſe Oracles, which were decreed
T' inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having with glory clad and ſtrength,
The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilſt at her feet, in *ſmall* pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,
Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,
An Imp deteſted, e'en in hell;

Her

Her Eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully beſmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;
Faſt at her heels DEATH proudly ſtrode,
And grimly ſmil'd, well-pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,
The Mother fit of ſuch a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride diſgrac'd,
Where, loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,
With Eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood

From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came TYRANNY; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over *Senſe* and *Law*.
One thing and only one He knew,
One object only would purſue,
Tho' Leſs (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty, when no craft appear'd;
His tales, no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before,
Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *Proſtitution* great,
Would be firſt Miniſter of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,
Sage Ermine o'er the gloſſy *Plaid*,
Caſt rev'rend honour, on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,

Shone

Shone a *White Roſe*, the Emblem dear
Of him He ever muſt revere,
Of that dread Lord, who, with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black Spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *Bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *Thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not.*

In the right-hand a ſword He bore
Harder than Adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs Innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow,
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was Juſtice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,
An *Image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the ANTITYPE.
What if to that *Pretender*'s foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to JAMES he ſtill remains,
Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear:
Diſſimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bullied* by his *friend*;
Brave with the Coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a Coward ſlave;

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of Kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm;
Born in a Country, *where the will*
Of One is Law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it whereſoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The Proſtitute of Pow'r and Pride;
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Senſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.

Paleneſs,

Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The Meſſenger of Sickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *Diſdain* and *Pride*,
To upſtart Fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Miſchief*; *Paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's compleateſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In Cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,

He caſt his baleful eyes around;
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on ſurprize, All ſtood,
And Horror chill'd their curdled blood,
No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more
(For they had ſeen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cauſe forgot,
Whether it was or Ghoſt, or Plot,
Which drew them there. They all ſtood more
Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done? Could Art, could Force,
Or Both direct a proper courſe
To make this ſavage Monſter tame,
Or ſend him back the way he came?
What neither Art, nor Force, nor Both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A Lord to that baſe wretch allied
In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
Effected; from the ſelf-ſame land,
(Bad news for our blaſpheming band
Of Scribblers, but deſerving note)
The Poiſon came, and Antidote.

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd the Monſter hung his head;
And, like an empty Viſion, fled;
His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,
Kiſs'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
To loveſick ſtreams, diſſolv'd in Air;
Joy, who from abſence ſeem'd more fair,
Came ſmiling, freed from ſlaviſh awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And Yoke of pow'r, reſum'd their reign;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of Public Virtue, Mansfield came.

END OF THE GHOST.

THE CONFERENCE.

THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE ſaid in form, which Sceptics muſt agree,
When they are told that Grace was ſaid by Me;
The Servants gone, to break the ſcurvy jeſt
On the proud Landlord, and his thread-bare gueſt;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in uſual taſte, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an inſipid kind of ſtupid ſtare,

Picking his teeth, twirling his ſeals about—
CHURCHILL, You have a Poem coming out.
You've my beſt wiſhes; but I really fear
Your Muſe in general is too ſevere,
Her Spirit ſeems her int'reſt to oppoſe,
And where ſhe makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordſhip's fears are juſt, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of courſe.
The man whoſe hardy ſpirit ſhall engage
To laſh the vices of a guilty age,
At his firſt ſetting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets muſt be his foe,
That the rude breath of Satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the ſtroke.
But ſhall the partial rage of ſelfiſh men
From ſtubborn juſtice wrench the righteous pen,
Or ſhall I not my ſettled courſe purſue,
Becauſe my foes, are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boaſted Virtue, taught in ſchools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her uſe? point out one wholeſome end?
Will ſhe hurt foes, or can ſhe make a friend?

When

When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling Dun
Barely by saying, Thou art Virtue's Son?
Or by base blundring Statesmen sent to jail,
Will MANSFIELD take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and TEMPLE now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with Fools, and Int'rest with the Wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?

To be ſucceſsful try thy utmoſt force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of courſe.

HIRCO, who knows not HIRCO, ſtains the bed
Of that kind Maſter who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a Brother, and would cheat a Son:
What mortal in his ſenſes can endure
The name of HIRCO, for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, ſtarve, on a dunghill rot,
"By all deteſted live, and die forgot;
"Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
"Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all purſue;
Let FORTUNE change, and PRUDENCE changes too,
Supple and pliant a new ſyſtem feels,
Throws up her Cap, and ſpaniels at his heels,
Long live great HIRCO, cries, by int'reſt taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to ſuch Men, if ſuch Men can have peace,
Let their Poſſeſſions, let their State increaſe,

Let

Let their baſe ſervices in Courts ſtrike root,
And in the ſeaſon bring forth golden fruit,
I envy not; let thoſe who have the will,
And, with ſo little Spirit, ſo much ſkill,
With ſuch vile inſtruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honeſt man dares ſtarve.

L. Theſe ſtale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit Romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm,
The Brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your Honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What Proof might do, what Hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what Fear, at ſtrife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,

Might

Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed,
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like PETER's Faith, 'till One, a Friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since,

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for ſome little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in ſwerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, ſhall abject thirſt of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainſt my ſoul's deareſt health,
That, as a boon, I ſhould baſe ſhackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myſelf a ſlave;
That I ſhould in the train of thoſe appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?

That I no longer ſkulk from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Afraid leſt Duns aſſail, and Bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcaſe bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whoſe very obligations muſt offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn
At ſuff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependance and from pride ſecure,
I am not plac'd ſo high to ſcorn the poor,
Nor yet ſo low, that I my Lord ſhould fear,
Or heſitate to give him ſneer for ſneer;

That

That, whilſt ſage Prudence my purſuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do,
And with the will have power to aid diſtreſs;
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the PUBLIC riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul defies.
By Candour more inclin'd to ſave, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I Am.
All that I have, They gave; juſt mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is Theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence, by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Court,
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word!

MAJORS

MAJORS and MINORS differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is that the One is *in*, the Other *out*.

Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the Soul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading Principle in All.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For Parent and for Child, for Wife and Friend,
Our firſt great Mover, and our laſt great End,
Is One, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling Tyrant SELF is All in All.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a BUTE and PITT,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a STUART and NASSAU.

Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of Pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?

Doth

Doth Virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth Action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us, or is that SELF, which reigns
O'er Kings and Beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in Thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy Virtue, but thy Pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy Conſcience led
By Reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That SELF hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let SELF maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,

But

But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more, or leſs than man;
Which Friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If All, if All alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry Conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells

Each

Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call,
Arm'd at all points bids Scorpion Vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glaſs,
The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.

Enough of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
As to the Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of ENGLAND, and my Country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land.
What! ſhall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,

Exert

Exert that little ſtrength which Nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?

L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years,
And ſee *Proteſting* Patriots turn'd to Peers;
Hear men, moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
And talk of Character without a name;
See Infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek Divines wield Perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See WHITEHEAD take a place, Ralph change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at Miniſters, and curſe a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rime,
Shall ſome Preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue ſleeps, ſome Sacrifice to Pride,
Or ſome fair Victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword,
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.

C. May I, (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a WHITEHEAD, and baptiz'd a PAUL;

May I (tho' to his ſervice deeply tied
By ſacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the Virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of Virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance, may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
May I be ſcorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to SCOTLAND for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom SHELBURNE fled, and CALCRAFT bluſh'd to own.

L. Do

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose.
Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand BUTES and HOLLANDS bawl,
One WILKES hath made a large amends for all.

'Tis not the Title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and fires without a name;
'Tis not the *Star*, which our great EDWARD gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of State
From fools of lesser note, that Soul can awe
Whose Pride is Reason, whose Defence is Law.

L. Suppose (a thing scarce possible in Art,
Were it thy Cue to play a common Part;)

Suppoſe thy Writings ſo well fenc'd in Law,
That N— — cannot find, nor make a Flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient Tribes,
By Party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by Bribes,
Or trembling at the Ruffian Hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its Courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for Deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame Gripe?
What Sanction haſt thou, frantic in thy Rimes,
Thy Life, thy Freedom to ſecure?

C. The Times.

'Tis not on Law, a Syſtem great and good,
By Wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt Blood,
My Faith relies: By wicked Men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper End;
Whoſe Royalty of Nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere Sin to entertain a doubt—
Did Tyrant STUARTS now the Laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent them hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to Death, *unheard.*

Life

Life we might all reſign to lawleſs Pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour;
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a BRUNSWICK's reign.

If, Slave to Party, to Revenge, or Pride,
If, by frail human Error drawn aſide,
I break the Law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few Patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,
My Spirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern JEFFRIES ſhould be plac'd in MANSFIELD's room,
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpoſe made,
And ſhove, whilſt Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt NORTON from his Maiden ſeat,
Tho' both, in ill Confed'rates, ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture Law and me,

Whilſt GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our Monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his Fathers, ſhould imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with freſh STUARTS curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of Law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquiſitions taught,
Search out my Soul, and damn me for a thought,
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill write,
'Till Death had plung'd me in the ſhades of Night.

Thou GOD of *Truth*, thou great, all-ſearching Eye,
To whom our Thoughts, our Spirits open lie,
Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to Pow'r,
With firm reſolve my ſteady boſom ſteel,
Bravely to ſuffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let

Let me, as hitherto, ſtill draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death,
And, if Oppreſſion brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, ſhe ne'er ſhall mark a ſlave,
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unſeemly word;
Let ſober Triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's raviſh'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of Corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's nobleſt plan,
Who lives to Reaſon, and who dies a Man.

THE END.

THE

AUTHOR.

THE

AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom fate ordains in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth miſpent,
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,

Whilſt

Whilſt in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
FOLLY and VICE to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,
Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his Place;
VICE CHANCELLORS, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall,
And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit in thoſe days
When Learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When Nobles, with a love of Science bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd.

But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her throne,
When LORDLY Vaſſals her wide Empire own,
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *Now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes miſled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours, which our Fathers bore,
That Crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boaſted Learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not.
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our foes to rail, our friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool,
Forgets the little which he learn'd at School;
The Elder Brother, to vaſt fortunes born,
Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn;
Dependent Brethren the ſame features wear,
And younger Sons are ſtupid as the Heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.

Is this—O Death to think! is this the Land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,

Where

Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the Land, where, on our SPENCER's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Deſcription hung;
Where JONSON rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her Critic fences ſmil'd;
Where NATURE liſt'ning ſtood, whilſt SHAKESPEAR play'd,
And wonder'd at the Work herſelf had made?
Is this the Land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our Laws a ſure defence,
She mock'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of Senſe;
Where health and honour trooping by her ſide,
She ſpread her ſacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile,
Bade thoſe, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her bleſſings, which GOD meant for all?
Is this the Land, where in ſome Tyrant's reign,
When a *weak*, *wicked*, *Miniſterial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd

Thoſe

Thoſe wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up our liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,
Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the Land, where in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;

Who,

Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day preſer to Goſpel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not Truth, as Truth, if told in rime?

How do I laugh, when PUBLIUS, hoary groan
In zeal for SCOTLAND's welfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which Blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muſe
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,

Along

Along the Church-way path complain with GRAY,
Or dance with MASON on the firſt of May?
" All ſacred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
" All States and Stateſmen are thoſe mighty Things
" Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
" Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, Peace thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme;
I tell thee, Wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In Earth, in Heav'n, no Subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his State.
The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In Numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the Villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,

Undaunted to purſue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common Hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their Betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their Fathers vain,
Who would a bill of privilege preſer,
And treat a Poet like a Creditor,
The gen'rous ardor of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
" What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a Monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make Virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt thou, proud Man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her love,

Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy Father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe Honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtue's heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to Fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of Shame,
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy Sire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a Son would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before,
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.

Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,

Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,
Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
" SATIRE, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
" The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
" Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
" The Wiſe have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,
" Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing Strife,
" Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wiſh to ſtop that harmleſs dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
" Tho' pointed at myſelf, be SATIRE free;
" To her 'tis pleaſure, and no pain to me."

Diſſembling

Diſſembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic ſchool,
And there amongſt thy breth'ren play the fool,
There, unrebuk'd, theſe wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom SATIRE cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can ſtand by,
And ſee his conſcience ripp'd with ſteady eye?
When SATIRE flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.

Haſt thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which thou ſhalt not hide.
S———, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth,
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs led the way,
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions, which he bluſh'd not to commit;

Men the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſhame.

But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her courſe,
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the Science they profeſs'd;
When they, in Honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The Foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves who dar'd ſupport
A Tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court.
Ah! What are Poets now? as ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in Verſe, as thoſe who deal in Proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the Kingdom round,
In whom true Worth, and real Spirit's found?
The Slaves of Bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State;
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud,
Others, *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes SMOLLETT write, makes JOHNSON dumb.

Why

Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when MURPHY paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage MURPHY for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, No—like other *Worldlings*, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honeſty to flight,
MURPHY ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thour't my Friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray;
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.

He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt, and conſecrate thy crimes,
To make Corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine.

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a Friend, who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.

To ope the fountain, whence ſedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of WILLIAM with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,

And,

And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is SHEBBEARE? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City Coach,
The Pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that Parade was Fame, not Puniſhment,
And that old, ſtaunch Whig BEARDMORE ſtanding by
Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court,
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white,
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not GUTHRIE? Who, like him, can call
All Oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes Women bring forth after they are dead;

He,

He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *Wedlock*'s ſacred bands joins Man to Man;
And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of GUTHRIE's *Engliſh Peers.*

Doſt thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt thou contrive for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and TYBURNE in his face;
Behold, a Parſon at thy Elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
'Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;

Tho'

Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew
What mighty Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt,
But hop'd, I ſhould have been a DEAN at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud, and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a year;
My Friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the Packhorſe road,
Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears
In throwing off that gown, which FRANCIS wears.

What Creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a Lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his Garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* Beau;

That's

That's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from SODOM came.

His tongue is deadly—from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no Monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meak demeanour, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his Church—his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
CHRIST is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOW bred,
(BLACOW, whom by a brave reſentment led,
OXFORD, if OXFORD had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)

Their

Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.

Are theſe the Arts, which Policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their Arts, whom Intereſt controuls;
KIDGELL and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

Their hope be follow, and their crime partake,
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes,
Most jealously declaims 'gainst most one,
And, whilst he rails at Prophany, blasphemes.

Are their the Arts, which Polity topples?
Are their the Ops, by which grave Churchmen are?
Forbid it, Heaven; or, should it turn out so,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their Arts, whom Interest controuls,
Knaves and I here free and honest souls.
Vice, your Predicament which is grin'd by Sin,
And mostly the poor without, here pass within.

THE DUELLIST.

THE DUELLIST.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

AMBITION, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale STUDY, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey AV'RICE nodded o'er his gold.

JEALOUSY, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* LABOUR; by his ſide
Lay HEALTH, a coarſe, but comely Bride.

VIRTUE, without the Doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt VICE, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſic'd into reſt.

Thou Bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend,
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied,
In whom ten Murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law.
Thou Man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To fouleſt deeds, whoſe hot deſires
O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt *Ideot* Beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A LUCRECE muſt be brought to ſhame,

Who doſt, a brave, bold Sinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full-blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou Simular of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs, dry bones,
Deſire without Enjoyment groans.
Thou Perjur'd Wretch! whom Falſhood cloaths
E'n like a garment, who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the Day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou Son of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought,
Who doſt thy *Wife*, thy *Children* ſet,
Thy *All*, upon a ſingle bet,

Riſquing,

Riſquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and *Hereafter* on a die,
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy Country's coſt,
And, grown expert in Sharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou Noble Gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty Iſland fly,
The Sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty Iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray Intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt Confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us Bankrupts all, if CARE,
With good *Earl* TALBOT, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom Pride
And Sin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God,

Whoſe Hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe Hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a Beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a Coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a Curſe,
Than Hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt.
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of Love and Loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of Gold,
Thy Friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim

Of

Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm, which never dies, forbids
Sweet Sleep to fall, *Come* and *Behold*,
Whilſt Envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So JUSTICE wills, that holy bed,
Where PEACE her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with HOLLAND ſleeps.

Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour, in her monſtrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy Sleep, Thou Virtuous Man,
Pure as the Thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and enſure thy reſt;

Still ſhall thy AYLIFF, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the Night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a WILKES, and fix a BUTE.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud Thunders roll'd, and Light'ning ſtream'd;
The Owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The Church-Yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, thro' the gloom,
The Ghoſts of Men, in former times
Whoſe Public Virtues were their crimes,

Indignant

Indignant ſtalk'd; Sorrow and Rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, HAMPDEN there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
SIDNEY by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother Patriot wept;
All Friends of LIBERTY, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten WILKES's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or Energy or Force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
Freſh blooming from our Mother Earth;
With Pride and Joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her Genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which LIBERTY alone can give,

Or nobly with that Spirit die,
Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail thoſe Old Patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
Whilſt They the ſacred Cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe Old Chiefs, to Honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall Men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of Time
In Shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On LETHE's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's baſis, faſt
As the round Earth to ages laſt.
Some Virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in Eternity,

An

An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a WILKES and SIDNEY join.

But ſhould ſome ſlave-got Villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in Vice, and perfect Ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
'Till he can't Live, nor Die in Peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May LIBERTY, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!

But ſhould ſome Villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing Court,

Placing

Placing in Craft his confidence,
And making Honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a Wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of One, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand,
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That He his Country loves too well;
May He—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak—
May He—O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple stood;
Antient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, *most* unsound,

Some

Some rotten to the heart aloof
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving wanted aid.

The Structure, rare and curious, made
By Men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall,
Or, juſt to mak it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime
A crime, which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.

Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts* in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like Churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other Charities)

It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their Art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy.
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.

To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Iſle,
Our grateful Anceſtors, her plain
But faithful Children, rais'd this ſane.

Full in the Front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength
In Spring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their Sons to Arms, to teach the Art
Of War, and ſteel the infant heart.

LABOUR,

LABOUR, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
ABSTINENCE, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
HEALTH in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And GLORY ſparkled in their eyes.

The inſtruments of Huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their Fathers felt a pleaſing fear,
And even COURAGE, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each Stripling, leſſon'd by his Sire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was Himſelf a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a Son's or Huſband's brow,
With eager fingers Laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of Conquerors to bind,
To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.

What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant Sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of Night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in GALLIA quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic Bride,
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,

Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her Warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst Love and Glory fire,
A Son, a Son just like his Sire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere Luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter Punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By EDWARDS and by HENRIES led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty GALLIA's trembling plains;
Such were the Men, when lust of Pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the Tyrant from those ways,
On which a King should found his praise,
When stern OPPRESSION, hand in hand
With PRIDE, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping JUSTICE was misled
From her fair course, and MERCY dead;

Such

Such were the Men, in Virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong,
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the Men whom Tyrant PRIDE
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes, who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependant ſtations riſe;
Could never be to Slav'ry led,
For PROPERTY was at their head;
Such were the Men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by LIBERTY, before
Her Temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—

Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A Race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
VALOUR, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their Van;
DISCRETION, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
DISCRETION, VALOUR's better half;
DEPENDANCE holds the Gen'ral's Staff.

In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
In rules of *Porterage* untaught,
SIMPLICITY, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.

Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
CORRUPTION fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *Steward* HOSPITALITY,
Old WELCOME ſmiling by his ſide,
A good, old Servant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her State a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd*.

Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of Avarice and Gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever Steward did before,

Succeeded *One*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted Age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf OECONOMY.

Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The Workmen toil'd, where LABOUR bar'd
His brawny arm, where ART prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-Preſs* aroſe;
Each Workman knew his taſk, and each
Was honeſt and expert as LEACH.

Hence LEARNING ſtruck a deeper root,
And SCIENCE brought forth riper fruit;
Hence LOYALTY receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the Court;
Hence GOVERNMENT gain'd ſtrength, and *hence*
RELIGION fought, and found defence;
Hence ENGLAND's faireſt fame aroſe,
And LIBERTY ſubdu'd her foes.

On

On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, ſcarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that Equality
She wiſh'd to all, ſo far as cou'd
Safely conſiſt with ſocial good,
The GODDESS ſat; around her head
A chearful radiance GLORY ſpread;
COURAGE, a Youth of royal race,
Lovelily ſtern, poſſeſs'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat HONOUR, cloath'd with robes of Light;
Before her MAGNA CHARTA lay,
Which ſome great Lawyer, of his day
The PRATT, was offic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign;
PEACE, crown'd with Olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling, twin-born infants preſt;
At her feet couching, WAR was laid,
And with a brindled Lion play'd;
JUSTICE and MERCY, hand in hand,
Joint Guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And TRUTH walk'd all about at large;

HEALTH for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and VIRTUE was High Prieſt.

Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore,
Her Temple ſuch, in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name deſpis'd, her Prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *Miniſterial* Arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whilſt They, to work her ſurer woe,
Feign her to Monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor Hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,
Hooted, and pointed at with ſcorn,
As One in ſome ſtrange Country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;

With

With looks, which might the heart dis-seat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *Staunch*, *Old Blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
Knew none but the bad part of Law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a *Grey-hound*, stood confest.
CONTROULMENT waited on their nod
High-weilding PERSECUTION's rod,
CONFUSION follow'd at their heels,
And a *cast Statesman* held the Seals,
Those Seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful JUSTICE takes her day.

The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
SCIENCE, declining, hung her head,
PROPERTY in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;
Whilst, under-foot, the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God,
Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,

Which

Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an L.

LIBERTY fled, her Friends withdrew,
Her Friends, a faithful, choſen few;
HONOUR in grief threw up, and SHAME,
Cloathing herſelf with HONOUR's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne,
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(Gods, that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring,
Under ſo great, ſo good a King,
So Lov'd, ſo Loving, thro' the arts
Of Stateſmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph STATE-CRAFT ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait,
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his Soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!

Under

Under the Temple lay a Cave;
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One Paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a Cell,
Where FRAUD in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt HONESTY ſhould rout her.

In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of Man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the Cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art;
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay *Stars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *Plumes* of *Feathers* for the head;

Garters the Hag contrives to make,
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious Madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel;
Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free.
Purses she knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse?)
Which, by some strange and magic bands
Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here FLATT'RY, eldest born of GUILE,
Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the Levee vow,
With which, no strange or recent case,
Fools *in* deceive Fools *out* of place.

CORRUPTION (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
And what she did, contriv'd to do it
So that the Public might not view it)
Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,

Since

Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By TREASON borrow'd, GUY FAWKES bore,
By which, ſince they improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
ASSASSINATION, her whole mind,
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
DEATH, grinning, at her elbow ſtood,
And held forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards chuſe,
But Men of Honour dare not uſe;
Around his Lordſhip and his Grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,
With many a FORBES, and many a DUN,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious Son,
Wait her high bidding; Each prepar'd
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,

Proof

Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether He Patriot is, or King.

OPPRESSION, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of LAW.
A Book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem'd to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a Book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that Book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was MAGNA CHARTA wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, N——'s CREED.

Ready,

Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd Greyhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt antient Caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And Soldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tow'r, but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody Letters, The Bastile.

Around a Table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in Night.
Begot, Born, Bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of Three;

Great

Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of BUTE.

The FIRST (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *Patrons* firſt, then for a *Wife*.
Wrote *Dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one Man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before

His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
Shifted about to t'other ſide)
Was by his ſire a Parſon made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made him.

The Oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade;
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.

A Curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain,
More than she was with Spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to Thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And Pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's Parasite.
With Wits conversing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongst Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same;
He drank with Drunkards, liv'd with Sinners,
Herded with Infidels for dinners,
With such an Emphasis and Grace
Blasphem'd, that POTTER kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a Psalm Tune,

Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his ſalvation for a ſmile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with Man,
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his Wit,
And make himſelf a Man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en Believers 'gan to doubt it;
He wrote too of the Inward Light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing Grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place;
He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom, no more than doth a poſt
He knew, nor, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
Would He or know, or chuſe to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry Science
There was a natural alliance)

He

He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple Man of Law,
He arm'd dead Friends, to Vengeance true,
T' abuſe the Man they never knew.

Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt Characters are mix'd we find,
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of Grace appear,
Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.

Injurious *Satire*, own at leaſt
One ſniveling Virtue in the Prieſt,

One ſniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd CHASTITY; the Prudiſh Dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his Wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that TOM was vaſtly wild.

Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In ſhape ſcarce of the human kind;
A Man, without a manly mind;
No huſband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No Father; injur'd, without end
A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;
A Heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A Head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A Man of this World, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;

A Judge of Genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of Genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of Critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of Taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great Divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt Divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad Man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through,
Steel'd 'gainſt Compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt,
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,

Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the firſt
Of all bad Lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime,
He, for a Prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A Perfect Knave, and Perfect Dunce.

Who will for him may boaſt of Senſe,
His better guard is Impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, SHAME never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin,
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of Laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,

Hath

Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting Fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open Court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a Villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little Villain dead.

Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a Court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to Man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the Fool and Wiſe,
Knock at his Heart; They knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch Suitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid Parents, Children, Wife, and Friends;
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad Counſels, ſat a *Third*,
By birth a Lord; O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence Men get
A Priviledge to run in debt,
Whence They at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence They, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *Courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-Hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the Tree
Eſcap'd; a Rope may ſometimes break,
Or Men be cut down by miſtake.

He hath not Virtue, (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he Senſe (which none can doubt
Who know the Man) to live without.

His

His life is a continu'd ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs, grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature, deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the WHARTON of his age,
But, having giv'n all the Sin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the Town,
By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
In turn to give a Pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the Word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit;
Hear him but talk, and You would ſwear
OBSCENITY herſelf was there;
And that PROPHANENESS had made choice,
By way of Trump, to uſe his Voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*,

And

And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
BLASPHEMY, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His Bills ſent in; Too great, to pay;
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt Tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or Good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with Man.

Such were the THREE, who, mocking ſleep,
At Midnight ſat, in Counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe Wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.

" Is He not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his Spirit dar'd oppoſe
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of Shame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
" And proving, that his darling cauſe,
" Is of their Liberties and Laws
" To ſtand the Champion? in a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) He, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after Scheme they brought to view;
All were examined, none would do.

When

When FRAUD, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſued from her hiding place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling Boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a Foe,
" By Nature cautious as he's brave,
" To *Honour* only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to *Honour* make pretence;
" That Lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The Wretch, who ſtands ſecure in Law.
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An Inſtrument, whom I have bred,
" Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
" Of Virtue's falſe, but glaring Light,
" My youngeſt Born, my deareſt Joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling Boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,

" Shall

" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt *Mine*, when moſt he *Honour*'s ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of FRAUD."

She ſaid, and from each envious Son
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the Table; All in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what Stranger She had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When ſtrait the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the *Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their Dam had made.

END OF THE DUELLIST;
AND
THE SECOND VOLUME.

re Gradus, full of phrazes clever,
rd of her Treasury for ever,
th liberal hand his bounty deals;
Cento Keeper of the Seals.
xt to the person of the Queen,
ld Madam Prosody is seen;
lking incessant, although dumb,
hon her fingers to her thumb.
And all around her portraits hung;
Heroes in the Latin tongue;
alians, English, German, French,
ho most laboriously entrench
deep parade of language dead,
hat would not in their own be read,
ithout impeachment of that Taste
ich Latin Idiom turns to chaste.
antolius here, whose flippant Joke,
ught refuge in a Roman cloak:
ith dull Commirius at his side,
all the pomp of Jesuit pride;
enage, the pedant, figur'd there,
Trifler, with a solemn air;
d there, in loose unseemly view,
graceless, easy Loveling too.
is here grave Poets urge their claim
some thin blast of tiny Fame;
re bind their temples, drunk with praise
th half a sprig of wither'd Bays.
Poet, if that honor'd name
its such idle, childish Aim;
Virgil ask thy sacred care,
Horace charm thee, O forbear
poil, with sacrilegious hand,
glories of the Classic land:
r sew thy dowlas on the sattin
their pure, uncorrupted Latin.

Better be native in thy verse
What is Fingal but genuine Erse?
Which, all sublime, sonorous flows,
Like Hervey's thoughts, in drunken Prose.
Hail, Scotland, hail! to thee belong
All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of Song;
Whether the rude, unpolish'd Erse
Stalk in the buckram Prose or Verse;
Or bonny Ramsay please thee mo',
Who sang saw sweetly aw his woe.
If ought, — & say who knows so well?
The second sighted Muse can tell,
Thy happy Lairds shall laugh & sing,
When England's Genius droops his wing.
So shall thy soil new wealth disclose,
So thy own Thistle choak the Rose.
But what comes here! Methinks I see
A walking University.
See, how they press to cross the Tweed,
And strain their limbs with eager speed!
While Scotland, from her fertile shore,
Cries — On, my Sons, — return no more!
Hither they haste with willing mind,
Nor cast one longing look behind,
On ten-toe carriage, to salute
The King, & Queen, & Earl of Bute.
No more the gallant Northern sons
Spout forth their strings of Latin puns;
Nor course all languages to frame
The Quibble suited to their Name;
As when their Ancestors be-vers'd,
That glorious Stuart, James the First.
But with that Elocution's Grace,
That oriental flashy Lace,

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